

The St. Joseph's Collegian, Rensselaer, Indiana.

VOL. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

No. 1.

November.

Now the summ̄r days are faded,
Over are the sunny days;
Verdant fields are cruelly raided,
E'en the fairest flow'r decays.
Meadows now no longer flourish;
Birds have ceased their joyful tune;
Empty winds the dead leaves nourish,
Russet grown by far too soon.

D. L. M., '06.



Indiana and Her Men of Letters.

“O UR Land—our home!—the common home indeed
Of soil-born children and adopted ones—
The stately daughters and the stalwart sons
Of industry:—All greeting and Godspeed!”

James W. Riley.

The Hoosier, it seems, has been considered in the past as a creature who, to use the slang expression, is a bit greener than the average citizen. He has been accused of a superfluity of local pride and has been called egotistic.

No native of Indiana has probably ever taken the trouble to probe these accusations as to their reasonableness, so little cares he for the opinions of outsiders regarding himself, and so convinced is he of their groundlessness. And now the hoosier has risen so high among his countrymen that no one dares to repeat them. He has become a factor in national politics, be they republican or democratic; he is respected in agricultural and commercial circle, and he is prominent in the world of letters.

A certain story is told in the East that a wit was once compounding a recipe for a successful author, and the first requisite mentioned was that the author should have been born in Indiana. Now this is but a story, but it serves to give us an impression of how many successful authors the state has produced in the last decade.

It is very peculiar, but statistics show that Indiana's population is composed of less foreign born citizens than any other state. Her popula-

tion, however, is not all Indiana born but includes settlers from the other states, and this is a cause why her literature assumes so many different aspects as it is also the cause of her pronounced Yankeeism.

Perhaps the greatest work published in Indiana, and one fated to immortality, is that greatest of historical novels, Ben Hur. In Ben Hur, Gen. Wallace has conceived a popular plot and woven into it descriptions that are unsurpassed in the English language for vividness and dramatic power. We see the three wise men coming from afar, through sandy deserts and populous cities, following a star until it rests above the manger of Bethlehem. The ancient Jerusalem lies before our view, with its temple and tiled roofs glistening in the setting sun. And then on that sorrowful day, there surges that wild and tumultuous rabble, composed of all nations, all bent toward Calvary, while the Jews cry "Crucify Him!" "Crucify Him!" This description awakens more tenderness than a prayer. Whatever the author describes, be it the glory of the Syrian hills, or the raging storm of the billowy ocean, we feel it, we live it.

But let us leave the vine-clad slopes and the sacred ground of Palestine, and come with James Whitcomb Riley to Indiana.

“When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the
shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin’
turkey-cock,
And the clacklin’ of the guineys, and the clucking of the
hens,

Mark Twain, at least attests his worth by his popularity. George Ade was born in Kentland and is a graduate of Purdue University. During the Columbian Exposition he showed his proclivities for wit and humor by writing comical stories for the newspapers. Since then he has published many of his stories in book form under the title of "Fables in Slang." Prompted by his success, he has turned playwright, and at present has five successful opera plays on the road which bring him a fortune every year. Ade's wit is novel; it is a wit which catches the modern fancy. It is fresh and vivacious, and he must be accounted a Stoic indeed who can read his works without a continuous grin.

We have now had the historical novelist, the poet, and the wit; the novelist next claims our attention. Indiana is blessed with so many of them that it would be impossible to give each one his deserts, so we must touch upon the foremost only.

A few years ago, Indiana put on her robes of mourning for one of her favorite sons, Maurice Thompson. He was a writer with a strong personality and a masterful style. A better insight into the early years of Indiana's history can be obtained nowhere than in "Alice of Old Vincennes". Surely death claimed an author when she called Maurice Thompson home.

Perhaps the most successful novelist in Indiana at the present time is Booth Tarkington. Tarkington has a style that is as flowing as the famed waters of the Wabash, and a dry humour that makes his charm irresistible.

Charles Major and Meredith Nicholson are two authors whose success has rested on one work, that of Major's on "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and Nicholson's on "The Main Chance." Both works have had a great success, and we do not doubt that their future work will procure for them an increase of literary prestige.

Elizabeth Miller is a new author in Indiana's field of bookdom. She has written an historical novel entitled the "Yoke," which, except for a few minor defects, is claimed to be one of the best historical novels.

Having summed up Indiana's leading authors, let us hope that her men of letters will multiply in the next decade, and that the saying that "every time you shake a stick in Indiana you meet an author," will not be so much of a figure of speech as a reality.

MAURICE F. O'CONNOR, '06.



Time.

Down from its rocky height,
Wildly the cataract splashes;
Gliding away, the waves in their flight
Will never renew those dashes.
Swift-winged time flies by,
Breasting all opposition;
Onward he rushes, mid joy or sigh,
Onward to eternity's ocean.

F. W., '05.

When I was King.

PERHAPS Ralston was right when he said my trip to Kohnburg would prove more adventurous than I supposed. At least, looking back over the thirty days spent in that quiet little valley kingdom, I am convinced that the spice of my European tour was that month in Kohnburg.

I had seen sights in Paris until my eyes were sore, had spent enough time in strenuous leisure to yearn for the ordinary things of life. But just when I had decided to return to dear America, I encountered Ralston. Ralston was an old college chum, a fellow athlete, and my room-mate. The tie of friendship between us was strengthened by the fact that we bore a striking resemblance to each other in features and in build. I never learned much about him except that he came well recommended. It is only now I remember that he never gave his place of residence.

A year had elapsed since I last saw him, and the present meeting was more than welcome.

"Well of all things alive, Sid Smith!" he cried as he grasped my hand.

"Ralston, you here, in Paris?" I exclaimed, hardly believing my eyes. "Apparently very much here," he said, in his bluff way. "Come along for a chat."

In a few minutes we were seated in a hotel parlor, and Ralston was telling me the history of the past year. He had been in Paris all year, studying Economics at the University, and had finished about a week before. When I told him

of my intention to return home, he insisted that I put off my return for a while, and accompany him to Kohnburg, a quiet little kingdom in the mountains, where he might take a much needed rest. When I accepted after some hesitation, he remarked that our trip might prove highly adventurous. "Meet me at the Royal at eight o'clock," he said as we parted. "I shall not fail," I replied, as I sank back into the comfortable chair and lit a fresh cigar.

My thoughts reverting to my latest decision, I felt my interest in the coming trip growing, especially since Ralston had promised to explain more about the little country at our next meeting.

At eight o'clock I was at the Royal. At eight-thirty Ralston had failed to appear. I was about to give up the hope of seeing him that night when a note was handed me. I quickly tore it open and read:

"Impossible to see you tonight. Train goes at ten fifteen, which you had better take. Will see you later.

R."

This was all the note contained, and it struck me as not a little strange that Ralston should so suddenly change his mind and let me travel alone.

After a little reflection, I made up my mind that, cost what it may, I would leave for Kohnburg that night. I boarded the train and had barely seated myself, when an elderly gentleman pushed his way to my seat, and immediately began a conversation. He began to speak of Kohnburg, praising it in glowing terms. He spoke of the position in which it was now placed by the sudden death of king Luit-

prand, and of the possibilities for regaining much of her former spender by earnest efforts.

All this was Greek to me, and I saw at once that he had mistaken me for some one whom he was undoubtedly expecting. Despite this fact, I was far too much interested in his glowing description to wish it discontinued.

"Pardon me," I said, "but are you not mistaken in my person?"

He looked closely at me and then smiled.

"My dear boy," said he, "do you think I could forget your face in one short year? No, no, I am not mistaken; you cannot surprise us, for we had word that this train would bear you to us. I have come to meet you."

Come to meet me! A man whom I had never seen before, come to Paris to meet me! My interest grew deeper and deeper. Who was I supposed to be? Surely, I must be some one of high standing in Kohnburg. But who?

"Always the same modest boy" continued my companion. "When your father sent you away to learn how to govern men you little knew how soon you would need your knowledge. The people of Kohnburg are anxiously awaiting their new king."

King! Then I was to be King of Kohnburg, that little valley monarchy which I had set out to visit. I almost laughed at the grotesqueness of the idea. Nothing, however, could detract from the seriousness of the old man at my side.

What he said and what I answered for the rest of that night's ride, I cannot tell. My brain was busy with but one thought: "How could I be king

of Kohnburg and be back in America in forty days?" I tried to tell my companion that he surely was mistaken, but he would have none of it. I must accompany him to the castle.

At last we arrived in Mahlberg, the capital city of Kohnburg. The splendid scenery which we had passed, the beauty of the country, the cleanliness of the cities, all made me wish that I was indeed the king of such a fairy land.

The city was quiet. Everything draped in black, everywhere were signs of the deepest mourning. King Luitprand the Good was dead. He had been a good but too indulgent ruler, much beloved by his people. These were now awaiting the coming of Prince Adolf, who was to take his father's place at the head of the nation and in the estimation of the people. The prince had just returned after an absence of five years, spent in study, and the people were in great fear that he would not prove equal to his exalted position.

All this I learned from the distinguished looking little man who had borne me company on the train.

"But you will," he said confidently, "you will prove every inch a king. I know it, I can read it in you."

Once inside the castle, I was unable to retreat, as I had expected to do at this juncture. My companion, who had inveihled me into my present position, I soon learned to be the prime minister of the state. Everything in the castle was apparently under his jurisdiction. And so well managed were all affairs of the state that, as I

soon learned, I had nothing to fear except a threatened foreign invasion.

This then was the situation in Kohnburg at the time when I, Sidney Smith, American law student of twenty two, began a reign which lasted for thirty days. The troops of the Duke of Mittland, a neighboring principality, had crossed the frontiers. For generations past, the two countries had been at strife, and now on the death of the king, a formidable invasion was being set on foot to overwhelm the little land of Kohnburg. At this juncture I was called to the throne, though far from pleased at the sudden streak of good fortune dealt me.

I was determined to see this enterprise through, if for nothing else than for mere love of adventure. On the next day, with the body of the deceased king lying in state in the royal chapel, all Kohnburg came out to see and hear their new king.

I was led out on a balcony fronting the square, where my appearance was greeted with prolonged shouts of "Long live the King." An immense crowd was gathered below, and I addressed them in a loud voice, encouraging them to remain loyal subjects as heretofore and heartily thanking them for their gracious welcome, and their devotion to my person. I spoke at some length on my good intentions and then retired.

The entire city was aflame with my speech, which, under the inspiration of the moment, I had given with no little fire. The new king would be a great ruler. "Long live Prince Adolf!"

Kohnburg would now fight and conquer. Thus I was introduced to my people. A week passed. The body of Luitprand the Good was interred with becoming ceremonies, and everything resumed its usual quiet and repose.

The next week brought news of the fall of Castle Schwartzog on the frontier. Relying on my little military experience and more on my good luck, I gathered about me all the available troops and set out for the scene of hostilities. I succeeded in drawing the enemy, who had grown over confident, into a position unfavorable to themselves, and in a hard-fought battle put them to rout. It was my first experience in war, but one that I enjoy to this day.

Pursuing the advantage, I pushed on into the heart of the hostile country, and after a few engagements in which my troops were victorious, secured a truce which was to last six years. After this I returned in triumph to the capital, where I was received with every manifestation of joy and gratitude.

I was sadly tried as to how I could leave Kohnburg in its present condition, without a sovereign.

Another week passed without an occurrence. I spent my time in riding and hunting, and very little in affairs of state. In these I declined to meddle, not from a feeling of insecurity but because I had no right to pry into the secrets of the state. I was about to yield to the temptation of fleeing by night, when relief came in a most astounding manner.

One morning, as I was seated in the office of the prime minister, discussing a most interesting subject, the door was opened and a visitor announced.

The visitor was admitted. A man of fine build, tall and broad, stood before us. It did not take me long to collect my wits, and I bounded from my seat to greet the newcomer.

Ralston, by the stars above!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand. "I didn't expect you here."

He only nodded, and said: "I have come to claim my own, though somewhat late in so doing."

"Come to claim your own," I repeated, unable to grasp his meaning. "Why here in the castle?"

Then I awoke. Ralston was the young prince whom the prime minister was expecting on the train which I had boarded. My mind quickly pieced together the whole story. Ralston failing to make the train, and the marked likeness existing between us, had easily led the old man to believe me the prince of Kohnburg.

The prime minister in the mean time was standing before us, gazing with wonder from one to the other. Seeing that he did not grasp the situation at once, I took Ralston by the arm and bowing, said: "Count Herzog, King Adolf of Kohnburg."

The old diplomat understood and received the real prince with due regard.

Ralston's, or I should say, King Adolf's story was short but realistic. On the evening of his intended departure for Kohnburg he had been seized by the agents of Mittland and confined in

Paris for two weeks. Immediately after his release he set out for Kohnburg and reached the capital this very hour.

Both he and Count Herzog were profound in their thanks to me for the part I had played in the deliverance of Kohnburg, and wished me to remain as an honored guest, but I declined.

I left the next day, taking with me only the sword I had used in the battle, as a souvenir of my memorable visit to Kohnburg.

On the train I opened a little note which Ralston handed me as I left. A medal with the inscription "For Bravery" rolled out on my seat. The note read:

"Dear Sid: The hearty thanks and appreciation of an old schoolmate, now the king of Kohnburg are extended to you with the best wishes for your future welfare. R."

D. L. MONAHAN, '06.



A Flower's Lament.

Leave me alone in my sorrow;
Leave me, and then I will weep,
Until the sun of the morrow
Finds me forever asleep. L. M. '05.

Deserted Homes.

IN the early part of winter an excellent opportunity is afforded to search the mutilated scenery of field and forest for the deserted dwelling-places of the feathered world. One will soon become convinced that one need not go far in order to find ample material for the study of the wonderful instinct in birds for building their nests.

As long as the leaves have not fallen, it is rather difficult to discover certain species of birds' nests, for the birds have the ingenuity of concealing their homes admirably with leaves and other devices; but, at this time of the year, the very bush that we have searched carefully in the summer month will yield its treasure without effort.

A clown in the feathered world is the Great-Crested Flycatcher, whose characteristics are to choose a favorite perch, and there await, hawk-like, passing insects, which when no sooner in sight, he launches into the air, and snaps up, and then returns to his perch again. From time to time he utters a cry, which has been compared to the sound obtained by rubbing a nutmeg over a grater. He nests in the holes of trees, not over twenty feet from the ground. The remarkable thing about his nest is that we usually find it lined with a snake-skin. Although the young birds are brought up in darkness, and pass to the south with their parents in the fall, the first occupation on their arrival in the spring, in order to go house-

keeping, is to search far and wide for one of these skins. Truly a remarkable instinct.

The Shrike, who is a foe of insects, small birds, and snakes, has his home surrounded, so to speak, with bayonets. Every limb in which he nests bears sharp thorns, which makes it difficult to obtain such a nest without running the risk of lacerating your hands. Cruel from nature, he chooses an environment in conformity with this feeling, and uses every thorn in a manner as though he conducted a meat market; for he has the habit of impaling his prey, which he then devours at leisure. This habit is especially peculiar to the Logger-head Shrike who goes to the south in fall. If one discovers such a nest in the autumn, and does not destroy it, he is very apt to find it inhabited the next spring by the same family.

But still odder instincts are shown by the wren, especially the Marsh Wren, in the construction of his nests. He is not larger than the thumb of a large man, but he builds a huge, globular nest, with a large entrance at one side, in the cat-tails and tall, reedy-grasses, that line our creeks, sloughs and rivers. But he is not satisfied with one nest. As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Wren have mated, they start planning their home, which they finish, in every detail, with the greatest skill, but instead of moving into their new home, they build a second a few yards away and furnish it in the same manner, and after they have that finished, they hold a consultation—and build a third! Then they commence to scrutinize their homes in a manner similar to a newly-married couple looking for

a dwelling place, and it takes them considerable time to decide which one to choose. If one finds 60 nests in a locality, he may be pretty sure that not more than 20 birds have nested there, as some birds have been known to build four nests!

Those birds who love to build in other birds' nests, would certainly find ample opportunity here to chose a home, provided they were satisfied with the swampy situation.

Passing from the river-side and the swamp homeward to our more neighborly orchards and lawns someone will observe and say: "What kind of a nest is that swinging high in yonder elm-tree bough; it looks like a sack." If we had been standing beneath this same tree in the latter part of May, or the early part of June, when everything "climbs to a soul in grass and flowers," we would have seen, darting in and out of the fresh green foliage that conceals his nest so skillfully, one of the most richly clad birds of our country—the Baltimore Oriole. On account of his brilliant plumage of orange and black he is called the "Golden Robin" or the "Firebird," and on account of the wonderful manner in which he constructs his pouch-like, pensile nest, he is called by some the "Hang Nest." Lowell, in the last stanza of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," refers to him under the name of "Hang Bird." This bird had endeared himself to this poet not only on account of his beauty of plumage and the artistic talent displayed in the construction of his nest, but chiefly for his sociable and vivacious character. In his delightful essay "My Garden Acquaintance" he gives us a

graphic pen sketch of this bird as he saw him amid the trees of his Cambridge home, and tells us that Mr. Oriole was a subject of conversation and investigation between him and one of the greatest scholars of his day, Mr. Hale. No bird-lover can remain long in a locality where the oriole is found without becoming acquainted with him. His song is one of the finest to be heard in the bird world, and he is most lavish with it during the season of courtship, and does not even relax it during nest building and the more arduous task of rearing the young. As soon, however, as these have quit their nest and established themselves in the world, he becomes silent, and in the early part of September retires to the tropics.

Of the 150 species of orioles, which is a distinctively American Family, only two are summer residents with us. The majority are found in the tropics. The Baltimore Oriole's cousin, the Orchard Oriole, is found in the same locality where the Hang Bird is found. He is less brilliantly plumaged, having chestnut where the Baltimore has orange. But in song he is not less finished, and in the construction of his nest he uses a smaller variety of material, and builds it lower.

The finding of each new bird-nest is a revelation. I remember well what a great joy it was for me to find my first nest of our "national song-bird," the Mockingbird. It was placed in a cedar-tree which stood near a private road in the corner of a garden. The nest was built somewhat like our common catbird's, from grasses, and weed-stalks, and lined with rootlets, and placed near

the center of the tree, some twelve feet from the ground. When I discovered the nest it was empty. I was told that the family cat had observed the construction of this nest, and when the young had been hatched, the parents were relieved from the trouble of rearing them. An old man who had watched the pillaging of this nest told me that the birds gave the cat a fierce chase until she took refuge under the house. I saw the birds in their grief; for what else could that constant visiting and scrutinizing of their empty nest during several consecutive days mean than that the birds felt a deep emotion for their lost loved ones? After having seen for myself this trait in the bird's character, I appreciated more than ever that masterpiece of bird-lore poetry, Walt Whitman's "The Mockingbird." It requires indeed the power of such a pen in order to adequately describe his character. His song is marvelous. One has but to hear him on a quiet night in some solitary country lane, when the zephyrs are stirring, and the full-moon lights up the scene, to experience an emotion which is not easily effaced from memory.

It will indeed be difficult to find all the homes of our merry neighbors or to tell of each by whom it was tenanted, but it is a pleasure nevertheless to observe and study them. It gives rise to pleasant memories, and to many thoughts and questions. How beautiful and true are the words of Lowell in his poem "An Indian Summer Reverie:"

"Nature with cheap means still works her wonders rare."
August J. Wittmann '07.

A Blade of Grass.

A little blade of grass grew up
As green as green could be;
It flourished on the cottage lawn,
A pleasant sight to see.

A dew drop, messenger of spring,
Descended on its tip
And caused the thirsty little blade
To lick with glee its lip.

A storm arose; a heavy rain
Came down to wet the blade;
But when the storm had passed away,
It was the fresher made.

The summer sun broke out on high,
And threw its friendly ray
Upon the asking little face,
Which now near drowned lay.

The little blade now all refreshed
Grew up in stately grace;
It swayed and tossed in August's wind,
Yet kept erect its face.

But after Autumn's frosty blast
No longer green the blade,
No longer stood erect in grace;
The price of life was paid.

A little blade of grass grew up
As green as green could be;
It flourished on the cottage lawn,
A pleasant sight to see.

D. L. MONAHAN, '06.

The "Courtship of Miles Standish" And Its Nature Touches.

LONGFELLOW, like Cowper, is the bard of every day life and incident; but, unlike him, is not ranked among the nature poets. Though many beautiful lyrics of field, garden, and wood have flowed from his pen, mere nature never became the guiding principle of his poetry. He was too much permeated with Christianity and influenced by his leanings toward Catholicity to worship nature, as Shelley, Keats, and others have done, at her own shrine, and for her own sake. He was too intellectual to be satisfied with solely following his fancy; still, he knew, as every true poet knows, that life has nature for its background and relies upon it for much of its color and shade. He felt, that there is an inter-relation between man and nature, that man is profoundly influenced in his feelings and actions by nature in her various states. Man is that supreme being, for whose service all things whatsoever on earth, animate and inanimate, are created; to whom they will converge; for whom they are significant, or ought to be significant. If poetry, then, is a "transfiguration of life," nature must enter into it, at least in as far as it supplies for it a background, a setting. This Longfellow understands well. He clothes his poetry in the garb of nature with remarkable effect, with the greater effect, of course, when his theme is American.

This is especially true of his "Courtship of

Miles Standish," a poem that is pastoral in coloring and narrative in make-up. As a pastoral, it is a true picture of life in New England at this stage of colonization, so much so that some historians have taken the story of Miles Standish and his pilgrims almost verbally from Longfellow's poem. As a narrative, it is a quaint legend of Puritan courtship, around which is woven a garment of simple sentiment. Yet, leaving aside the interest of the little tale, it is written as a poet would write it, and not as a novelist. The poetic touch is amply in evidence, but for a poem of such finish, it lacks the imaginative to a great degree. Fancy, "the elf-child of Imagination," as Stedman calls it, it is true, plays at times over the verses, especially in the descriptive parts.

The greatest factors in giving the poem its artistic grace and simple elegance are these bits of natural imagery strewn over its surface. They embellish the thoughts, otherwise rather barren of ornament, and move us to forgive the faulty line that occurs frequently; at least more frequently than in *Evangeline*, that gem of melodious versification and poetic beauty and only other attempt of Longfellow in this form of meter. Thus the reader is agreeably surprised, as skipping along with the flow of the hexameter, he is treated with bits of description that are like flowers from nature, fresh and fragrant. They are jewels set in an otherwise not brilliant fabric, shedding their soft radiance over the whole piece. Longfellow had a taste refined and cultured among the works of art in the great Ly-

ceums of Europe, and his images, whether from nature or from conventional life, are always consistent with the thought and true and pure in form and outline. This concurrence of image and idea brings what he would convey in such a manner before our view that we almost perceive his creations in their state of natural loveliness.

In accordance with the wild condition of New England at the time, when the incidents of the poem took place, Longfellow has depicted the land, except where Plymouth itself stands and a few "clearings," as covered by the "forest primeval." Above is the blue sky, in contrast to the green foliage of the trees; below, the rank undergrowth of the woods; and, stretching far to their old homes in England, the heaving ocean, which meets the shore at the edge of the forest. There being little of landscape scenery to describe, his fancy played on the blue dome of the heavens and the "steel blue" expanse of ocean. To these, however, and to their innumerable phases of beauty, Longfellow gives full due in his enthusiastic esteem of nature. He leads us along the by-paths through the woods with the birds "merrily" singing and busily plying their springtime cares. The little brook appears at our feet from under the leaves and flowers, the "children lost in the wood."

"Into the tranquil woods, where the bluebirds and robins
were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of
verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom."

"Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over
pebble and shallow."

And again, when the bridal procession wends its way through the woods:

“Pleasantly murmured the brook as they crossed the ford
in the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed like a dream of love
through its bosom.”

Between these two latter passages there is a fine contrast. At first when John Alden sadly goes to offer the heart of another to one who already unknowingly possesses his own, the brook “braweled over pebble and shallow.” But when his beloved is won for himself, and he, in ecstasy of joy, is returning home, it “pleasantly murmured..... pleased with the image that passed.”

The simplicity of the images from nature are in keeping with the customs and habits of the peaceful farmers of Plymouth. Yet, though simple and comparatively few in number, there are among them, in my opinion, some of the most finished and beautiful similes from nature in American literature. Even Lowell's wealth of natural imagery in his popular “Vision of Sir Launfal” has few passages to equal them.

Thus:

“Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,” is a gem of polish and deep meaning; and others of equal merit stud the lines of this little Puritan romance; as, “Beautiful rose of love that bloomed for me by the wayside.” One fine passage, that by itself imparts to the reader a sense of the sublime but falls short of this in the poem, is:

“‘Welcome, O wind of the East!’ he exclaimed in his
wild exultation,

'Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of misty
Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows
of sea grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens
of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead and
wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within
me!'"

A perusal will show that "Miles Standish" may be considered a key to Longfellow's other poems; that he, usually, if not always, sees nature at a calm repose. Violence was against his character and he would not tolerate it in his ideals. To him the ocean and the meadows ever lie basking in the smiling sunshine or spangled with the rays of the pale moon. The woods are covered with exuberance of flowery verdure, and the heavens are clear as a sapphire. Since every author, writing with sincerity and candor, reflects himself in his productions, we may suppose that Longfellow's soul was as beautiful as the glimpses of nature he gives us, and as clear as the heavens he describes. Victor W. Meagher, '06.



American Music.

ALL the works of art bear the impress of nationality. There is something distinctive in conception and execution, for instance, in the works of German artists which distinguish them from those of another country. This distinctive something is also very prominent in the art of music.

It is often alleged that American music is wanting in individuality. True, much of our music lacks this essential quality, but this is due principally to the fact that America is the home of all nationalities, and as such its music is written to please all.

The up-to-date rag-time, it can not be denied, is American, and thoroughly so. It had its origin in this country and is much in favor with our people. It is a very peculiar kind of music, but we hesitate to call it characteristically American. In the realm of music it is no more than the clown. Musicians deny it all standing, and say it is formless, sensuous, and senseless, something to excite the nerves. It is music that appeals to the feet rather than to the head. It is popular because most people want something that appeals to their feet rather than their head, and to their coarser feelings rather than their finer sensibilities. The educated and more cultured public, and especially the musical part, certainly reject it, and would hang their heads in shame, if rag-time were spoken of as the distinctly American music.

Sousa's famous band professes to discourse American music. Sousa's compositions, it is true, possess that something which marks them as American. But they are neither so permeated with national sentiment as, for instance, the folk-songs of other nations, nor do they stand high in the scale of art. A truly great production, be it in painting, letters, or music, is not exhausted at a single perusal; the more it is studied, the more it is enjoyed. Thus, at each performance of a musical composition, new beauties should be perceived. Sousa's music, however, is new to-day and tasteless to-morrow.

The modern piano, violin, and orchestra compositions published in this country suffer from the same defect. And, as a rule, they betray a nationality other than American. If the composer is of German descent, he will express himself in German style; if Irish, he will portray the sentiments of that people; etc. But what is worse, they are usually written in imitation of European models, such as Grieg, Strauss, Mozkowski, and others. Barring this lack of absolute originality, they are sometimes very creditable productions.

In point of characteristic individuality and originality the plantation songs excel. They are often called negro songs but wrongly so. For it is not probable that they were composed by negroes, since they bear evidence of higher musical culture. They are characteristic of the negro nevertheless, at least of the negro in his quieter moments. Every people seems to have two kinds of music, radically different, not only in movement

but also in character, so that one would not think these two kinds to belong to the same people. They are the songs in which they express their finer, purer, and deeper feelings, and the tunes that appeal to them in the hours of hilarity, boisterousness, and abandon. The music that appeals to the negro in these moments, and which he renders with evident delight, is rag-time. Rag-time appears, therefore, to have had its origin among the colored folk. As regards the negro melodies proper it may be said that their musical worth is not inconsiderable, as great perhaps as that of the folk songs of other nations. Such as "Way Down upon the Suwanee River", "My Old Kentucky Home", and "Old Black Joe" are certainly admirable for their simplicity and liquid flow of melody, joyousness tinged with a delicious touch of melancholy. They will probably exercise some influence on our national music, if such there is to be.

The nearest approach to a distinctive American style of music is probably made in our songs, devotional and otherwise, but especially in those of a devotional and reverential character. In them we find a sentiment that is neither French nor German nor English. If we were to analyze it closer, it would reveal a good deal of English seriousness and calmness with a little French lightness and vivacity in the rhythm, very little of German vigor and earnestness. Not that they lack earnestness, but it is not expressed in the German manner. Melody is frequently little more than musical and emphatic speaking, with close atten-

tion not only to the general import but to the meaning of the several lines, nay, words. The rhythm is handled most freely for the same effect. There is in evidence a disregard of the ordinary musical forms,—no strict evolution of the theme according to the rules of musical composition. This may at present be of more interest to the dramatist than the musician, but it denotes a tendency in American music which is not to be condemned entirely, and is certainly in harmony with the American character.

Until we have a truly American type, one that will spring from the union of the various racial elements now in this country, but which has not yet been evolved, we will have to study the European masters, be they German, French, or Russian, and absorb, as true eclectics, the best that is in each of them.

O. KNAPKE, '06.



Though failure meets thee in the way,
Which fills thy heart with pain:
Grieve not, new courage take,
Thy task try o'er again.

F. W., '05.

Charles' Disappearance.

YOU see that old solitary log-cabin with the shattered windows and neglected lawn? John Bowman, an old whimsical bachelor, lived there about twenty years ago. He was killed by lightning one night, and it was several days before his corpse was discovered. For some reason his neighbors believed that his spirit hovered about the old place whenever it stormed at night.

Did I ever tell you of our experiences when your father and I went to investigate the rumor? I didn't? Well, then listen. I was seventeen, and your father about the same age when the old man died. One day we heard the folks talking about Bowman's ghost, but we with youthful courage refused to believe it and resolved to investigate on the next stormy night. Accordingly, the next night we proceeded to the house. A cold, piercing rain was falling at the time, so we took up our station under the wide eaves, expecting the ghost to come out. We waited for half an hour, but when the ghost did not appear, we resolved to beard him in his den. Walking noiselessly across the room we came to a doorway, and here we hesitated to go farther. Scarcely half a minute passed before we heard a shuffling of feet up stairs, and a hollow voice that cried: "My gold! you'll rob me of my gold!" We were afraid to move, for fear the spirit would hear us, and taking hold of each other we stood there shuddering, when suddenly we heard a noise as if some one was falling down the steps

and a most unearthly yell, which so completely frightened us that we both dashed out of the door, keeping hold of each other lest one might leave the other behind. Down the lawn we ran, falling over dead branches and underbrush, never stopping or looking back until we were safely inside the doors of our home.

We lay awake for hours that night, thinking of our experiences; but on awaking next morning we heard of something more serious than ghosts; for our mother told us, with much anxiety that our brother Charles had not returned the evening before, and that we should visit the neighbors to learn if he had been with any of them during the storm. We were about to start out when John Burrows came in and told us that Charles was at his house. Mr. Burrows related to us how as he was coming home the foregoing night, he had chanced to pass old Bowman's hut, in which some one was calling for help. He was afraid to go near, but when the cry was repeated he went in and found Charles lying at the foot of the stairs, much bruised and with one leg broken. He carried him to his house, and sent his boy after the doctor.

We at once surmised who had acted the part of Bowman's ghost the night before, and when we took Charles home, he told Henry and me about his accident. He had heard us talking about our intended visit to the haunted house and resolved to give us a scare. On the night of the storm he went over to the old place and waited for us upstairs. Hearing us below he commenced to dance and throw things about, at the same time calling

for his gold. When we did not run at once, as he had expected us to do, he made a rush down stairs, but missed his footing and fell. He cried out in pain and called after us for help, but we were too terrified to distinguish sounds. For nearly two hours he was forced to remain in his uncomfortable position, untill his cries were heard by our neighbor.

You may be sure that Charles never impersonated a ghost again, but some how the idea that Bowman's house is haunted still holds among the neighbors, despite the investigations your father and I made to prove the contrary.

M. F. SHEA '06.



Thy words as golden jewels prize;
Consider well their worth;
But one, unkind, from friends can make
Thee enemies on earth.

F. W., '05.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR BY
The Students of St. Joseph's College.

Subscription, one dollar per annum.

20 cents per copy.

All letters and communications should be addressed :

THE COLLEGIAN, COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind. as second class matter.

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Editorials.

A renewal of your subscription is kindly solicited.



Everything points to a very successful year at St. Joseph's. There is an increase in the attendance of nearly forty over last year, thus far the largest enrollment. This large number is at present housed with some difficulty, but after the new gymnasium is opened there will be room for

even more on account of the space made available in the other buildings. With the Gymnasium and the fine new boiler and engine house completed, nothing will be wanting in our equipment for some years, except some minor improvements, which are yet contemplated.



After much reflection it has been decided to change the St. Joseph's Collegian this year from a monthly to a bi-monthly. It was thought that the publication of a monthly journal would require more time and attention from the students of the higher classes, who are much occupied with their class work and other studies, than they could conveniently give to it.

As a bi-monthly this paper will still subserve the ends of a college journal—introduce the writers into journalism, incite them to literary effort, and be a medium of communication between the College and its friends.

No one need fear that his contribution will be refused for lack of space, since we have decided to add several pages of reading matter.

We will try to make our pages interesting, not striving at fine writing nor at show of knowledge extracted from encyclopedias and other books of reference, but cultivating an easy, graceful, and harmonious style, and treating of subjects that lie within the range of the average college student's knowledge.

We beg the indulgence of our readers until the feeling of insecurity which haunts all newly made editors passes away, as we are sure it will.

We confidently hope that our turn of office will witness no decline in the worthiness of the "Collegian."



The subject of reunion between the Catholic Church and the Anglican denomination, so familiar to us from the writings of Newman, is again coming to the foreground.

Again and again we read in the papers that some more or less prominent Anglican divine has given his views on the matter, usually counselling his brethren to recognize the primacy of the Pope. Whilst this is only a preliminary step and does not, in their opinion, involve the recognition of the supremacy, it is plainly a step in the right direction.

The Reformation will then appear in its true light—as a revolt against divinely constituted authority, a sin of disobedience, at the least. It will then be apparent that it is the Anglican church, which has separated itself from the Catholic or universal, and not the Roman Catholic Church, as the majority of Anglicans have been accustomed to think.

Let us hope that the public discussion of Christian unity will result in the conversion, if not of entire nations, at least of many individuals.



Among the things that should keep us humble when we are inclined to take undue pride in our achievements as compared to those of our forefathers, is the continued existence of war. It would appear impossible that nations whose peo-

ple are highly educated and under the gentle sway of the Christian religion, should find it necessary to engage in bloody and ruinous conflict. Yet, what a fearful record does the last decade present. What loss of property and human lives! What horror and suffering!

It is because men in general have no idea of the horrors of the battlefield that they do not shrink from entering upon a war. The scant news that are reaching us from the battlefields in Manchuria hint at awful scenes of carnage and of subsequent suffering, and when the full accounts are brought to us after the war, men will be horrified.

Then will be the time to convene another peace-conference, which supported by a strong public sentiment, may do something towards the settlement of national differences in Christian, rather than in barbarian fashion.



Who is poor?—Looking one day at the humble cottage wherein Abraham Lincoln spent a large part of his life, it occurred to me to ask myself the question, Who is poor?

Men and women have lived whose names we have learned to venerate. Would we insult their memory by asking if they were rich? Others have lived and possessed enormous treasures. Yet no monument hands down their names as deserving the esteem of posterity.

Abraham Lincoln lives in the memory of the American people, not because of his wealth, of which, in fact, he had none, but because he was a

good man, found pleasure in his work, which he sought to do well, and esteem among his fellow-men, with whom he dealt justly and kindly.

A man is rich when he has the approbation of his conscience and of his fellow-men; when he finds pleasure in the right performance of his duties and in the striving after his ideals, and lives in the hope of an ultimate reward in heaven.

That man is poor who is at war with himself and his fellow-men, who has lost confidence of his friends, who is tainted with deceit and dishonesty, and forgets God.



The proceedings of the Fourth National Federation of Catholic Societies, held at Detroit, Mich., is interesting reading. It appears from the discussions and the resolutions that the Federation is doing a world of good. It serves to unite Catholics in the defense of their common interests. The time has certainly arrived where Catholics must make their influence felt in public life. Before they can do this however, they must meet to discuss the needs of Church and society. If Catholic Congresses in other countries promote a healthy and vigorous Catholic life, they will do as much in this country.

Exchanges.

MOST Ex-men, like politicians, begin their campaign with superlatives, and also like politicians straightway forget their good resolutions.

Now we do not believe much in promises. They are too fragile. Therefore we are not going to make any, but we have certain beliefs about the method to be followed in conducting Exchange columns (which sounds like something we have heard before). However, we have beliefs.

Could we invert the phrase "There is no rose without a thorn" to read, "There is no thorn without a rose," then would we be able to express our opinion about the vast majority of college journal essays, poems, and stories. In times past we read many productions which were bristling with thorns, piercing, agonizing thorns, but invariably the beautiful rose was to be found for the seeking, the plucking of which fully repaid us for our anguish.

Remembering the many sacrifices the editors of college publications must bring to prepare their papers for the printers, we believe in giving extra weight to these roses, these happy thoughts, when we place the article on the scale.

Furthermore, we do not believe in giving prominence to either the good or bad points of a magazine, simply because it happened to criticise us that way. In short, we believe that criticism should come from a kind heart and a clear head.

Though somewhat belated, we extend our warmest greetings to all.

October produced a very fine *Agnesian*. There were some tasty bits of poetry, and its prose was excellent. "On the Field of Gettysburg" is a subject which is particularly interesting to Americans, and the very entertaining way in which it is written makes it especially so.

If more attention had been paid to the connection of incidents, the "Answer" would have been much better, but it is nevertheless well told.

A charming mixture of fiction and reality is to be found in "Stray Bits of Sunshine."

"The Doctor's Story" with its ingenious introduction in the *University of Ottawa Review* was extremely pleasing.

Of course, we are interested in newly made history, but since we are able to read all the latest phases of it in the newspapers, the subject is not a very apt one for a college magazine.

Although the monologue "At the Games" in the *St. Vincent's College Journal* is very fascinating, it is a little disappointing to find that the author is a '98. It is hard to realize such a monster as Crassus, but if Dion and the Sybils may be looked upon as authority, we can find his counterpart in Pollio.

We heartily agree with the writer of "Notes on the Short Story." A narration of ordinary events does not arouse the emotion as the short story should do, and perhaps if many of these "ordinary events" stories had reached the waste-paper basket in the first place, the world would now be

listening to more really talented story-tellers.

In the *S. V. C. Student* there appeared an essay entitled "Energy," which was the best we ever read. One thought which appealed to us as particularly good is this:

"Moreover, the length of our lives is not measured by the number of years, but by the deeds performed in those years. The more work a man does of benefit to himself and his fellowmen, the more truly he lives and the happier he is for it."

EDWARD J. PRYOR, '06.



New Publications.

Catholic Home Annual, 1905, Benziger Bros, 25c.
The merits which previous issues of this magazine have had are augmented in the edition of 1905.

Gems of poetry, and prose compositions of real merit adorn the pages of this annual, to say nothing of the beautiful illustrations. A very meritorious and especially appertune article is the opening one on "Catholicity in Japan." The progress of Christianity is traced from the first advent of St. Francis Xavier in the island down to the present day.

Numerous other articles worthy of notice are to be found in this issue, and we do not hesitate to recommend this *Catholic Home Annual* as worthy of a place in any Catholic household.

A New Family Sitting-Room Book. We learn that Miss Katherine E. Conway has in press a new volume, the fifth of her popular Family Sitting-Room Series, under the title, "The Christian Gentle-woman and the Social Apostolate."

Other topics treated in this little book are "Broad-Minded Women," "The Novel Habit" and "The Uses of Prosperity."

Many consider it the best of the Series. It will appeal to the home, the school, society,—to various organizations of women, religious, philanthropic and intellectual; and it is sure to be greatly in demand at the Christmas season.

It will be uniform in style and price with the other volumes, whose circulation is now far up in the double thousands, and which are always in demand as gifts and premiums. It will be out about Nov. 1, with the Messrs. Thomas J. Flynn & Co., of Boston.



Personals.

Fathers Vitus A. Schuette C. PP. S. and Pius Kanney, C. PP. S., have been added to the faculty. Both are graduates of this College, and former editors of the "Collegian". We extend to them our respect and best wishes.

Prof. Joseph Baunach has charge of the music department.

The College has lost the services of Father

J. Henkel, C. PP. S., and U. Mueller, C. PP. S. Both have been connected with the College for several years, Father U. Mueller mainly as teacher of sciences and Father Justin Henkel as teacher of vocal and later of instrumental music. Both have contributed not a little to bring the College to its present state of efficiency, and they have the gratitude of present and former students and professors.

We announce with pleasure the recent marriage of Mr. Wm. Rieman to Anna Drerup of Glandorf Ohio. Mr. Rieman attended college during 02-03. We wish him all happiness and success.

During the summer two of our normal graduates were also married. Mr. John Boeke, '98, married Miss Amelia Dabbelt of St. Sebastian Ohio; and Mr. Bernard Huelsman, 02, led to the altar Miss Caroline Lieser of Sharpsburg, Ohio. We extend to them our hearty congratulations.

We are happy to state that Mr. Alexander Michaely is rapidly recovering from the illness which compelled him to give up his studies. He hopes to be with us again after the Holidays.

A most painful and serious accident happened to student John Ramp, who lives in Rensselaer. The handle of a fork into which he fell penetrated into his body, lacerating some internal part. Altho a surgical operation could only partially mend the injuries, John is doing so well that his recovery is practically assured. May God vouchsafe this to him. John has the sympathy and the prayers of all.

VISITORS' REGISTER: Revs. Ed. Mungovan, Ft. Wayne, Ind., James Connolly, Logansport, Ind., Louis Hefele C. PP. S. St. Joseph, Mo. Christian Daniel C. PP. S. Sedalia, Mo. Mr. I. J. Cronin, Hartford City, Ind., Mr. J. Burke, Liberty Ind., Mr. Frank Hasser, Fowler, Ind., Mr. E. L. Carroll, Decatur, Ind., Mr. John Brudder, Covington, Ky., Mr. Will Hanley, Muncie, Ind., Mr. J. S. Riley, Rockford, O., Mr. C. D. Hierholzer, Celina, O., Mrs. and Miss Schlaman, South Bend, Ind., Mr. W. M. Riffil, Uhrichsville, O. Miss Sophia Wiese, Reynolds, Ind. Mr. James Costello, Anderson, Ind. Mrs. Donahue, Kokomo, Ind.



Societies.

C. L. S. It was a most enjoyable meeting when the Columbian Literary Societiy assembled in their hall on Sept. 18th. to resume the work which found such a splendid termination last year in the rendition of "King Saul".

The election which followed was characterized by earnestness and hearty good will. It resulted as follows:

President, M. O'Connor; vice-president, F. Wachendorfer; secretary, B. Wellmann; treasurer, J. Sullivan; critic, D. L. Monahan; editor, Ed. Freiburger; marshal, D. Fitzgerald; Ex. Com.; E. Pryor, C. Frericks, Fr. Gribba.

The office of Librarian was given to R. Rath.

Mr. E. P. Honan, our teacher in Parliamentary Law, addressed the society in reference to the work of the year.

The following gentlemen, after successfully passing the required examination, were admitted as members into the society: Louis Huelsmann, August Wittman, William Hilgerink, John Von der Haar, Leo Faurot, Nicholas Allgeier, Louis Bergman, Joseph Miller, Edw. Howe, Peter Peiffer, Joseph Saccone, Evaristus Olberding, Albert Sherrib, Paul Wiese, Bernard Condon, John Costello, Jeremiah Costello, Paul Gase, Louis Nagel-eisen.

The society began its regular work by the rendition of the following program on Sept. 25.

Violin and Piano Duet "Overture Tannhaeuser,"

Rev. A. Weyman and Prof. Jos. Baunach.

Dramatic Recitation, "Brutus to the Romans".....

.....D. L. Monahan.

Essay "Life of Calhoun".....B. Wellmann.

Comic Recitation, "Schneider's Tomatoes" E. Vurpillat.

Recitation, "Fate of a fast young mau"..... Fr. Gribba.

"Ivanhoe vs. Our Mutual Friend." A discussion of the Novel.....M. Shea and E. Pryor.

Judging from the rendition of this program we may look for solid work from the C. L. S. this year. All the participants showed great interest and delivered their selections with credit. Especially decerving of mention are the efforts of D. L. Monahan for dramatic and oratorical excellence. Ed. Vurpillat for his assumed seriousness in portraying humor and Ed. Pryor for ease and ability to entertain and hold the attention of the audience. Father Arnold and Prof. Baunach favored the society with some exquisite violin and piano music.

On Sunday 9th. the Columbian Literary Society devoted an entire program to the Poet Longfellow.

Scetch of Longfellow's Life.....A Schaefer.
 History connected with the story of Evangeline with selections from the poem.....Cl. Boeke
 Poem of Longfellow, "Monte Casino".....F. May.
 "Miles Standish and selecti'on".....V. Meagher.
 Song of the Windmill, Longfellow.....Jos. Seimetz.
 Selections from Hiawatha and essay on the same.....
H. Fuertges.

An effort will be made in future to have all the parts of the program relate to some central theme, as above.

On Columbus Day, Oct. 21st. the society rendered a fine program in honor of the great man after whom it is named:

"Alabama March".....College Orchestra.
 Inaugural Address, "Indiana and her Men of Letters".....
Maurice O'Connor.
 Oration, "Cortez in Mexico".....Celestine Frericks.
 Recitation, "Father Sera".....Oscar Hentges.
 Piano Duet, "Poet and Peasant".....
Rev. Arnold Weyman and Prof. Jos. Baunach.

Debate; "Resolved that the young man of to-day has greater opportunities to make life a succes than his forefathers"

Affirmative.....Metthew Helmig.

Negative.....John McCarthy.

"The Columbian Paper".....Ed. Freiburger.
 Song. The "Bill of Fare" by the St. Xaviers Hall Quartette.

The adress of Mr. O'Connor was highly enjoyed by the audience. The happy passages quoted from Indiana Authors gave a pleasing air to his well written composition Mr. M. Helmig established his reputation as a polished and persuasive speaker.

The editor's paper, the greater part of which proceeded from the pen of an "easy going phlegmatic," was full of Freiburger's sly humor and

certainly a treat. We would suggest however that the editor act with more deliberation in the choice of subjects for the "Want Column" The newly organized College Orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. Baunach was hailed with cheers. They responded with a beautiful encore, "Light and Shade Walzes."

Either on Thanksgiving or on the dedication of the gymnasium, a play will be presented by the Society, probably the "Deaf Mute or Abbe D' Epee.

A. L. S. Following the example of the C. L. S. the members of the A. L. S. have recently put themselves in trim for good literary work. Rev. P. Ildefonse Rapp succeeds Rev. P. Nicholas Grieve as moderator. The members regret Father Nicholas' retirement and assure him of their gratitude for his labors, at the same time pledging their loyalty to their new leader.

The following officers were elected at the first regular meeting held Sept. 18th 1904:

President, P. Miller; vice-president, E. Mauntel; secretary E. Newmeier; treasurer, L. Sulzer; marshal, E. Hasser; Ex-Committee—G. Ohleyer, R. Black, L. Scohy; editor, D. Sennefeld; librarian, E. Haab.

The Society has this year probably the largest enrollment in its history. Apart from the private programs, which will be rendered every fortnight, the society makes it an objet to appear occasionally in public.

St. Xavier German Literary Society: Not least in society work is the progress achieved by the St. X. G. L. S. It will be remembered that

this was called into existence not more than a year ago. Its object is to offer facilities for becoming proficient in the German tongue and inducements for cultivating a taste for good German Literature. The society holds its programs on every alternate Sunday. A fine public program will be given Dec. 3d on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of the society.

The offices of the Society are held by the following gentleman:

Moderator, Rev. Vitus Schuette; president, A. Sheidler; vice-president, F. Wachendorfer; secretary, C. Kloeters; critic, O. Knapke; librarian, V. Meagher; executive Committee—F. Wachendorfer, M. Ehleringer, M. Helmig.

The present moderator Rev. V. Schuette took the place of Rev. Didacus Brachman C. PP. S. whom duty called from the College.

Marian Sodality. On Sunday Oct. 2d the Marian Sodality held its first meeting. The following officers were elected:

First prefect, B. Wellman, assistant-prefect, F. Wachendorfer; sec. assistant prefect, J. Sullivan.

In a private meeting held by the officers and the Rev. Moderator, Barth. Bessinger C. PP. S., A. Sheidler was chosen secretary for the Sodality and the following gentlemen appointed consultants: J. Bryan, J. Seimetz, B. Shmitz, J. Saccone, L. Hildebrand, B. Alt, C. Frericks, F. May, P. Wiese, J. Bultink. A great number of applicants will be taken into the society after the usual time of probation has expired. M. E. EHLERINGER, 06.

St. Stanislaus Altar Society. This society, which is under the direction of Father Simon, is com-

posed of junior students, who take delight in serving at the altar. They are showing a very commendable zeal to learn their part in the services, and execute it with grace and decorum. The society will have its patron feast on 5, of December. Following are the members:

Ed. Neumeier, Pres.; L. Sulzer, Sec.; Geo. Ohleyer, Censor; Jos. Boland, E. Haab, L. Scohy, A. Saccone, H. Berghoff, E. Bickel, L. Hierholzer, A. Goetz, Wm. Tompkins, R. Donnelly, L. Bruder, R. Williams, P. Brugger, B. Brugger, T. Loechtefeld, M. Gruen, Jos. Wiese, A. Schlaman, J. Gallagher, Geo. Zwissler, H. Gerke. A. J. S., '05.



Notice to the Alumni.

It has been suggested to hold an Alumni meeting on the day of the dedication of the new Gymnasium. While it will be more than a month, perhaps two months, till this can take place, we invite correspondence from our Alumni on the subject. The day chosen will not interfere with their regular duties, and it is probably more convenient to many than Commencement Day.

Visits of Public Men.

ON Oct. 19, the College had the pleasure of a visit from Governor Van Sant of Minnesota. The governor is well known for his sturdy fight against the great northern railroad combine, and this sturdiness and integrity of character impress themselves at once upon his audiences.

It was a delightful speech to which we listened, an earnest appeal to the students to acquire the "asset of character" before all others. Our stenographers reported the speech with various degrees of accuracy, and though it is well deserving a place in this journal, since it was spoken to instruct and encourage students, we must refrain for lack of space.

After being introduced, the Governor left the stage and came down into the hall, for "an old soldier," he said, "likes to fire at close range." "It's not the poor boy that I pity," he said among other things, "but the rich, for the poor boy must work, while the rich can afford to be idle."

While the governor does not lay claims to be considered a great orator, he is certainly an effective and entertaining speaker, largely by reason of his strong personality, and also because of his knack for illustrating and emphasizing his points by stories and witticisms.

After the address the Governor spent some time with the faculty in the parlor of the College. He expressed himself as well pleased with everything he saw, and left with the promise of repeating his visit when opportunity offers.



Another very enjoyable visit was that of Mr. Smith, of South Dakota, and Mr. Shea, candidate for secretary of state on the Democratic ticket of Indiana, and Mr. Ryan, manager of the speakers' bureau for the state.

Mr. Shea gave a felicitous address on the value of ideals, and then introduced Mr. Smith, who is one of the Democratic spellbinders. Mr. Smith is a comparatively young man, but already a man of prominence, having failed to become senator only through a constitutional flaw. His eloquence is not of the dramatic kind, but the spell which he weaves by his geniality and the suavity of his manner is a spell nevertheless. Mr. Smith's humor is delicious, with the flavor of Irving and George Ade combined.

The thought he wished to impress upon the students was that teachers, who take the place of father and mother, and in a certain sense do even more for the student, are deserving of undying gratitude.

Mr. Ryan was much admired for his happy and tactful way of evading the speech which Mr. Smith wished to foist upon him.

All the gentlemen had a very appreciative audience, and expressed themselves as very much pleased with the fact.

Athletics.

This year, above all others, should athletics play a prominent part at St Joseph's. With the great opportunities for exercise which the new gym will afford, there is no reason why any student should not take part in some athletic sport.

BASE BALL.

There have been many interesting inter-hall games at St. Joseph's but none perhaps have surpassed in interest the one played Sunday, Sept. 25. St. Aquino were anxious to wipe out the defeat of last spring, and the St. Xavier's were as determined to retain the palm. The game was replete with sensational plays and it took eleven innings to decide the supremacy. Shea and Schaefer were both in gilt edge form and their pitching was a decided feature. The St. Xavier's are to be congratulated on their early recovery from their loss of last spring, however, they have a slight advantage over the team from the Aquino Hall who have been playing all summer.

The Score:

ST. AQUINO.								ST. XAVIER.							
A. B. R. B. H. P. O. A. E.								A. B. R. B. H. P. O. A. E.							
Fuertges	r.f.	6	0	3	0	0	0	Crube	c.	3	0	0	6	2	0
Seimetz	c.f.	5	1	0	1	0	1	Wachendorfer	2.b.	5	2	1	4	2	0
Michaely	3.b.	4	0	1	2	5	2	Weinkauf	3.b.	5	0	0	2	3	0
Sullivan	c.	4	1	3	9	2	0	Condon	s.s.	3	0	1	2	3	1
Hilgerink	1b.	5	0	1	14	1	0	Reitz	r.f.	5	1	2	0	0	0
Monahan	2.b.	5	0	1	4	1	0	Meagher	c.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Allgeier	l.f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	Schaefer	p.	4	1	1	2	3	0
Fitzgerald	s.s.	4	0	1	1	2	0	Knapke	l.b.	4	0	1	15	1	1
Shea	p.	4	1	2	0	2	0	Coen	l.f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
<hr/>								<hr/>							
14 3 12 31 13 3								37 4 7 33 14 3							

Base on balls, off Shea 4, Schaefer 22. Struck out by Shea 8, by Schaefer 4. Sacrifice hits, Seimetz, Michaely, Sullivan, Condon. Time 2 hours. Umpire, Rev. Pius Kanney.

Never was the outlook for a representative Team better. With all the old fellows back, except Halpin and Lonsway, and good new material, we should have a team that will be hard to beat. On Sept. 9th the S. J. C. Rep. Team reorganized for the season of 1905, by reelecting Maurice O'Conner, Mannager, and John Sullivan, Captain. A better captain than Johnny Sullivan we could not have, and mush is expected of whipping a winning team together next spring.

FOOT BALL.

The whistling wind from the north has quickened the pulses of many, and the more robust have turned to foot ball. On Sunday Oct. 17. the initial game of the big contests was played.

Monahan and Hilderink tossed for goals; Monahan winning, chose the south goal for the Peerless team. Hilgerink kicked to O'Donnell, who returned it twenty yards. O'Connor tried right end for five yards. After a few line plunges, the Peerless team lost the ball on a fumble. The invincibles by steady line bucks advanced the ball to the twenty five yard line, where Hilderink on a fake pass went around right end for the first touch down. Hilgerink kicked goal. Score, Invincibles, 6; Peerless, 0. Monahan kick to Hilgering, who returned the ball fifteen yards, tackled by Saccone. Shea, Bryan and Graf advanced the ball to the Peerless 45 yard line where they were held for downs. O'Connor skirted right end for twenty yards, O'Donnell added two around left, and time was called, with the ball on the fifteen yard line.

In the second half Monahan kicked to Hil-

derink, who returned it fifteen yards. Seimetz made a short end run for five yards. The Invincibles were held for downs. O'Donnell gained five yards around end, Saccone hit the line for three. The Invincibles got the ball on a fumble, and their backs slowly but surely pushed the ball to the Peerless five yard line where the latter team braced and held for downs. The ball went over, and the Peerless team tried the line, but in vain. Monahan tried a punt, but the punt being blocked, the ball dropped neatly in Hilgerink's arms, who went over the line for a second touch down. He failed at goal. Score: Invincible, 11; Peerless, 0.

The Invincible line was a bit heavier than the Peerless and their interference was superb. The line up.

INVINCIBLES

Gnibba	r. b.
Miller	r. t.
A. Recker	r. g.
Gores	c.
Howe	l. t.
Seimetz	l. t.
Von der Haar	l. e.
Hilgerink, Capt.	q. b.
Graf	l. h. b.
Bryan	r. h. b.
Shea	f. b.

PEERLESS

Boeke
Donahue
Cull
Nothies
L. Recker
William
Ramp
Monahan, Capt.
O'Conner
O'Donnell
Saccone

TRACK TEAM.

On Oct. 18 a track team was organised. Edward J. Pryor was elected captain, and now from the way the heavy men are making the shot and hammer work over time, and the interest that is taken in the daily races, the success of the track team is assured. Every one try for it; it is open to all.

MAURICE F. O'CONNOR.

Locals.

Joe Miller at 5:45 A.M. "I thought it was midnight."

Prof.—"What is a sarcophagus?"

Donnelly.—Its the passage through which the food passes from the mouth to the stomach."

New Diner.—"Who is that fellow?"

Gloomy.—"Hush, thats O'Connor."

John Costello, the greatest contractor in Collegeville.

Oct. 3. Fried chicken, fried squirrel, don't mention the rest.

Muhlenbrink.—"Look at the crows out on the road, eh?"

Carroll.—"Crows! those are guineas."

Juniors are now being invited every other day to Master Matthew-Mattics. He is sometimes accompanied by Geo(rge) Metrie and Miss Al(berta) Gebra. Geo. Metrie looks a little pale at present, but as he is a very solid young man and not as plain as ho used to be, he may pick up and regain his roseate hue.

Three samples of the barbers art: Seimetz, O'Donnell, and Bryan.

The Battalion has organized for the ensuing year with an enrollment of about one hundred students. The following are the officers. Major, N. Keller; Adjutant, M. Shea; J. Sullivan, M. O'Connor, J. Bryan and J. O'Donnell are captains of Companies A, B, C, D, respectively.

Camillus to his subjects: "You must always sweep behind the radiators".

Emil: "Yes, I always do".

The Gymnasium is rapidly nearing completion. A fine building it will be, and a most useful one.

Never in all the pages of profane history has there ever been recorded a phenomenon more appalling than the one that recently occurred in the St. X. study-hall. Whilst silence reigned supreme, all of a sudden an awful crash was heard, followed immediately by a groan. All stood aghast. A moment later Mac was seen extricating himself sleepily out of the waste basket.

On the 26th of October Mr. Wm. J. Bryan gave an hour's address on the campaign issues in the city of Rensselaer. The students went down to a man to hear him, and they expressed themselves as in nowise disappointed. Mr. Bryan is certainly a great orator, or at least a great public speaker, a shining example to all that wish to distinguish themselves in forensic oratory.

In the evening the elocution classes were permitted to hear Mr. Smith in Armory Hall. Mr. Smith there let jokes aside and gave a stirring address on the tariff and imperialism.

Other Locals had to be held over for want of space.

Honorary Mention.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the month of Sept. and Oct. appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

B. Alt, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, M. O'Connor, E. Pryor, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, C. Fischer, F. Gribba, J. McCarthy, J. Sullivan, I. Collins, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Costello, J. Seimetz, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, B. Condon, L. Faurot, H. Fuertges, G. Gallagher, E. Hasser,

L.Hildebrand, A. Michaely, D. McShane, J. Ramp, P. Roederer, V. Williams, A. Wittman. G. Zwissler, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, E. Spornhauer, A. Teehan, H. Berghoff, B. Brugger, J. J. Costello, W. Donahue, H. Dues. A. Goetz, P. Graf, M. Gruen, W. Hildebrand, L. Kaib, N. Weinkauf, D. Durler, F. Meagher, J. McIntire, H. Post, T. Koenn, P. Koenn, B. Reiffel, G. Pax, F. Schaefer, F. Lippert, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, J. Von der Haar, L. Hoffman, F. Notheis, H. McDaniel. P. Gase, P. Miller, J. Saccone, E. Hanley, J. Hermiller, G. Ohleyer. A. Braun, P. Brugger, L. Brunner, J. Burke, J. Donahue. L. Gerstbauer, J. Gores, A. Hentges, W. Neary, A. Recker, L. Recker, H. Riley, L. Sullivan, J. Wiese, C. Dambach. C. Pfeffer L. Hierholzer.

90-95 PER CENT.

M. Shea, N. Keller, J. Miller, J. Boland, R. Donnelly, E. Haab, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, J. Kraebel, W. Tompkins, E. Bickel, F. Bickel, G. Fox, H. Garke, E. Loechtefeld, B. Gallagher, E. Mauntel, D. Senefeld, L. Sulzer, F. Cull, P. Dahlke, J. Quinlan, A. Schlaman.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, L. Monahan, E. Pryor, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, I. Collins, H. Grube, I. Weis, A. Linneemann, C. Kloeters, J. Seimetz, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland, R. Donnelly, L. Faurot, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, C. Pfeffer, G. Roederer, W. Tompkins, A. Wittman, G. Zwissler, A. Teehan, E. Bickel, P. Graf, L. Kaib, N. Weinkauf, D. Durler, F. Meagher. J. McIntire, T. Koenn, B. Riffel, G. Pax, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, P. Miller, J. Hermiller, G. Ohleyer, A. Hentges, A. Recker,

84-90 PER CENT.

B. Alt, R. Schwieterman, M. O'Connor, R. Rath, M. Helmig, C. Fischer, E. Freiburger, F. Gribba, J. McCarthy, E. Vurpillat, O. Hentges, F. May, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, A. Scherrieb, J. Gallagher, E. Hasser, T. Coyne, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, A. Berghoff, J. Costello, G. Fox, W. Hildebrand, H. Post, P. Koen, F. Schaeper, B. Schmitz, J. Von der Haar, L. Hoffman, F. Notheis, H. McDaniel, L. Bergman, P. Gase, J. Saccone, E. Hanley, L. Hierholzer, W. Hilgerink, E. Mauntel, L. Sulzer. P. Brugger, J. Burke, J. Donahue, L. Gerstbauer, L. Recker, A. Schlaman, V. Meagher.

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